HILARITY FOR HOT WEATHER

Pointed and Pithy Sayings in Both Poetry and Prose.

A POEM OF THE SPRINGTIME.

The Senator Didn't Want Whitewash -A Colored Porter's Long Haut -A Porous Plaster Gun-Bad For Bob.

This is a Real Spring Poem. F. H. Converse.

Now melodious and brazen toots the "little German band,"
Now "Buy a lob!" or "Hol-i-but!" resounds
throughout the land;
The organizationer grindeth and the base ball
clab is seen.
Likewise the tender violet and dandelion

Now blow the cherry blossoms and the lilac 'gins to bud,
Now flow the patent medicines for cleansing of the blood:
The poet poetizes upon the gentle spring,
Both bicycle and trycicle are now upon the

wing; Now brand-new maple sugar from another

season's stock.

And now the beer too tonic, which the bibulous call "bock."

Now the sunlight dances gayly upon ocean, lake, and river,
But whether life is worth living now depends upon the liver.

She Knew Her Man.

Dakota Bell: "Henry!" shouted a Duluth ayenue woman to her husband as he started down town, "aren't you going to get me that water before you go "Not this morning—in an awful hurry—big day's work to do," and he tore "But I want you to fix the cellar door so the children won't fail down and break their necks."

'Oh, watch 'em, watch 'em. I haven't time; must be down to the office in five "Did you see the scandal in this morn-

ing's paper?"
Hey?" he replied, as he paused at the corner.
"About Colonel Bilk and some woman

from Sioux City."
"Is that so? Well, I must-read it." and he came back, taking long steps. rather been expecting something of the kind for quite a while."

> One Way. The poet, pale and frantic, Of verses had a hoard; And got in "The Atlantic" By jumping overboard.

None Wanted. Wall Street News: A practical joker at Albany, who knew of an old farmer with a hundred bushels of lime on hand, sent him up to the state house to ask for

a certain senator, who might be induced to buy the whole lot. "I found him," explained the old man as he returned, "and would you believe that he flew mad in a minnit, and said he would kick me but for my gray hairs! Darn it! If he hasn't got any white-washing to do why couldn't he say so in a civil way?"

Defied His Pa. "My son." said a father in Mich.,
"I'd rather not have you go rich."
But the lad went a-fishin'
Without his permission,
And thus he defied his pa's wich.

The Law and the Porter. Chicago Herald: "See here, porter, I gave you a dollar a few minutes ago, an you have given me only ten cents change. You can't come that on me. I'm too old a kind of a traveler to be taken in that

way."
"Sorry, sah, but the new inter-state railroad law, ye know sah. We darsent violate hit, yo' know, sah, undah pen-

Don't you know, sah? The new lay say fo' a sho't haul de ratirozd am only entitled to sho't haul pay, but fo' a long haul it must cha'ge de long haul price. Yo'se rode with me all the way from New Yo'k. Dat am a long haul, an' d'ye s'pose I'm gwine ter bring de law down on my po' head by makin' only a sho't haul ou'n dat dollah? Sorry, sah, but my o'dahs is to respeck de into state railroad law to de very lettah."

Anna Jones of South Bend, Ind., Was an overgrown, tall thind. Her tongue was so bitter Her friends they all quit her, And they called her the poorgirl Wind.

What the Gun Was Good For. "Yes, gentlemen," said one of the few club as he finished a snipe-shooting story "that was the most remarkable gun I ever saw. Wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it,"

"It's nothing to a gun I used to own, said an ex-champion prevaricator, walk-ing up just then. "It was simply im-possible for a bird to get away from that run. It made the closest and most regular pattern you ever saw. I traded it for a fifty-acre lot. "To Bogardus, eh?" said the other fin-

ished equivicator, sarcastically.
"No, to Jimpson, the big wholesale druggist. He used it shoot holes in porous plasters—fifty at a clip."

And then nothing could be heard except the scratching of the other man's pen as he wrote out his resignation.

Is this the O'Brien of whom we've heard tell,
Who stood up for Ireland, whatever befell?
If that's you, O'Brien, defyin' the Lion,
We'll be buyin', O'Brien, the paper you sell.
—[New York World.

Is this Mister O'Brien,
Who's defyin' the Lion?
Is this Mister O'Brien from over the sea?
It it's Mister O'Brien
They spake of as defyin'.
Then, Mister O'Brien, here's good luck to ye!

Not Sarah. Detroit Free Press: A messenger boy who came up Lafayette avenue the other day found a young man waiting for him at Shelby street, and when the boy halted he was anxiously asked:
"Well, did you deliver the basket of

flowers?"
"Of course."
"Did she smile?"

'She didn't? She must have seen the

"Oh, yes, she read that the first thing, and then she called the cook into the hall and told her to heave the basket into the back yard."
"Great Scot! But could that have been my Sarah."
"Oh, no, sir. It was your Sarah's mother."

One in a Thousand. There is a man in our town, and he is won-

And when he's dotted all of them, with great sang froid and ease He punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.

Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves;
And from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.

And when a question be doth ask (taught wiselv he has been).

He doth the goodly two-cent stamp, for postage back, put in.

Bob Ingersoll and the Reporter.
A few days ago Colonel Ingersoll was passing through Pittsburg. He, with a great many other passengers went into the dining hall for breakfast. He was approached by a beardless boy reporter of the Post, who saluted him with:

"How are you, Colonel; how are things looking out west?" The colonel turned the raids, and their reser fed and cle erament."

half around in his chair and said abrupt HE LED A DUAL EXISTENCE,

No, I thank you; I never play cards. The reporter explained who he was, but the colonel would not listen to him. The reporter, however, was equal to the emergency and he wrote nearly a col-umn story of the attempt of a confidence man to get the best of Ingersoll. Since the colonel's return to New York he has received the congratulations of the army "An interview," he said, "would not have caused me one half the annoy-

For Poker.

The Criminal Maintenance of Two Households - His Ingenuity in Preventing a Meeting of the Women.

Romantic Life of an Associate of the Cen-

tral Pacific Crowd.

A STORY EQUAL TO KISSANE'S.

"California is full of people, and some

quite prominent ones, too, whose ante-

cedents, could they be revealed, would

surpass in interest the story of Kissane-

Rogers," said a gentleman formerly con-

nected with the law department of the

Central Pacific railway in conversation at one of the down-town clubs yesterday.

'Kissane is not the only man who, when

he drifted to the golden shore, forgot to

take his name with him. Did you ever hear the story of John Miller? That is a

tale of romance beside which the Kissane

revelation sinks into the commonplace.

If you have half an hour to spare I will

tell it to you. I was one of the attorneys

that worked up the case and am entirely

familiar with it. The Miller explosion occurred about eight years ago, and it caused a greater sensation in California

than any similar development that, had

ever come to light. Not that such things are uncommon or unexpected in that country, but the high position Miller had held, the men of mighty wealth and prominence with whom he had asso-

ciated in business, the social standing of all the parties, the elegance in which Miller's family lived—all these things in-

vested the affairs with an absorbing inter-

est. To say that society in San Francisco

and Sacramento was shocked when all the facts became known but feebly con-

"Some time about 1864 there came to Sacramento from Virginia a large, im-posing looking man who introduced him-self as John Miller. He was very reti-cent—in fact, so much so as to reach al-

most brusqueness in repelling advances to learn more of himself than he chose to

tell. But he was of very quiet habits and

as he was evidently a gentleman and a man of marked ability, he soon made friends and powerful ones. Miller was a

man of large views and sought the acquaintance only of men of like calibro.

Though not rich, he had means suffi-cient for his support. He seemed in no

haste to get either employment or engage in business. He lived the life of a gentleman of independent means, and

was as well informed on public affairs as any of the leading public men whose ac-quaintance he made and whose friend-

ship he formed. He took a great inter-est in the construction of the overland

est in the construction of the overland ratiroad, and had many conferences with Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins on the subject. Mark Hopkins was especi-ally impressed with Miller's comprehen-

sive and sagacious views on financial matters connected with the road and its building. Not one of the railroad syndi-cate but respected Mr. Miller and gave him as much of their confidence as was

consistent with their relations as gentle-men. Miller had a wonderful degree of

magnetism. He was also the soul of candor and truthfulness, and he made such an impression upon Mark Hopkins, and

Crocker too, that it began to be suggested among the railroad men that if Mr. Miller could be induced to accept some

position of trust and responsibility he could be made most useful. Nobody

thought of investigating the antecedents of the man; they had known him nearly a year; besides it never was the fashion in California to go behind the returns. Once across the Rocky mountains, and

you come into an atmosphere of trust and confidence.

pany was organized—that wheel within a wheel organization by which the four

railroad builders made princely fortunes

—John Miller was invited by his friend

Hopkins to become its secretary. As it was for his financial ability that his ser-

vices were especially sought, it was deemed useless to offer him anything less than such services would demand any-

where, and his salary was fixed at \$10,000 a year in gold. The Contract & Finance company, as is well known, disbursed all of the hundred millions or so that the Central Pacific is alleged to have

cost to build. Of course not nearly al

that money went into the road and its equipment, but it did go through the Contract Finance company, and John Miller kept the accounts and for

in larger quantities than his supposed savings would warrant. Somewhere about 1873 Miller, who by this time had

come to be regarded as a representative citizen and a solid man financially, mar-

ried one of the best known society wome

in Sacramento. She was the widow of a lawyer, who had left her a large com-

petence and a handsome home. She became devotedly attached to Miller, who

earnest worker in philanthropic fields

Everybody said the match was an excel-lent one, and the new Mrs. Miller was

warmly congratulated. About the same

time the marriage took place the railroad

This made a permanent residence in San

Francisco necessary, and ia a year or two

masking of the adventurer.
"Just before the crash came, C, P, Hunt

& Finance company; whether the secre-try had ever made an accounting; and whether if he (Stanford) did not think it

time there was one. Other correspondence followed, and the directors at first

scorned the idea of there being anything wrong. Besides, such a thing as an over-hauling of those accounts may have been

wrong. Besides, such a thing as an overhauling of those accounts may have been just as distasteful to the directors as to Miller himself, for it was believed abroad

company were removed also.

veys my meaning.

He had been out night after night for several weeks, claiming to be a member of the Business Men's association, and that his presence at the meetings was a positive necessity. The other morning Mrs. Burker cornered him at the break fast table with:
"See here, Richard, but one of the servants saw you in a Monroe avenue saloon
test night."

last night "Yes, that's where the association meets."
"What! A business men's association

meet in a saloon! "Certainly." "But you were drinking beer and playing cards!"
"Certainly I was. You don't seem to know the object of a business men's as-sociation! Did you suppose we went there to sit down and look at the ceil-

Referred to the Proper Department. Night Editor-which is the more advanced college-Harvard or Yale? Lit-erary Editor-"I'm sure I don't know. You'd better ask the sporting editor. He keeps track of the records." "The records?" "Certainly. I believe they're about even on boat races, but I think Yale is a bit in the lead on foot-ball. Still I may be mistaken. The sporting editor will know all about it, though,"

An Easy Solution of the Case. Chicago Herald: A clothing firm oc-cupying a prominent corner in Chicago concluded some weeks ago that on the 1st of May it would extend its first floor rooms by leasing the quarters then occu-pied by a German saloonkeeper. The clothing people already occupied the floors above the saloon on lease and by a sort of agreement with the owner of the sort of agreement with the owner of the block had a call on the ground floor whenever they were ready to pay the rental demanded. This time having ar-rived the manager of the clothing store, in order to avoid a misunderstanding with the German, and possibly to pre-vent ruinous competition in bids for the lease, called upon the saloonkeeper, and in a friendly way remarked that he in a friendly way remarked that he guessed his firm would take the store room after the 1st of May, and that the lispenser of beer and pretzels had better be looking for new quarters. "But I don't want to move," protested

the German. "Well, but you'll have to. You're a poor man, and we are rich, and we can pay three times as much for this room as you can. If you'll go out quietly and make no trouble about it, we'll help you find a new place. If you stay here at all you'll pay a rent that'll make you sick—mind that."

"Veli, you come in two weeks und I dell you vot I do." Two weeks later, or shortly before the 1st of May, the manager called again. The German was all smiles.
"Dot's all right, mine vriend. You may schtay up stairs, und I'll schtay here. I don't pay no rent at all, put you'll pay seex hundred tollars a year more as you paid lasht. I haf bought de block!'

It's Settled.

Mr. Clark and his wife were going to California, but it is just possible that they will give up the enterprise. It happened in this way.
Mr. Clark was reading an article

and had just reached a sentence beginning with "The mean temperature of Californy," when Mrs. Clark laid down her knitting.
"That settles it," she said, taking off

her specs. "I ain't agoin' to any country where the temperature is any meaner than it is to home. We ain't goin' to

KILLING OF CAPT, CRAWFORD.

An Explanation from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A correspondent of the Chicago News. writing from the City of Mexico, says: Senor Mariscal, the Mexican minister of foreign affairs, has addressed a letter to the United States legation in answer to several communications from Mr. Jackson, the former minister from the United States, giving the results of an official investigation by the Mexican government into the circumstances of the kill-ing of Captain Crawford of the United of Mexican troops while he was in pur-suit of a band of Apache Indians.

"From the judicial and military inves-

tigations made by the Mexican govern-ment," writes Senor Mariscal, "it ap-pears that the Apache Chiricahua In-dians had invaded the state of Chihuahua, stealing quite a number of cattle and murdering several Mexicans, as attested by reliable witnesses; that Mau-ricio Corredor, a citizen of said state, in order to defend his home raised about one hundred and twenty volunteers to pursue the Indians; that he found their trail and followed it till the 10th of January, and at daybreak on the following morning attacked the Indians, who were entrenched in the rocks to the number of two hundred and fifty or more. The light two hundred and fifty or more. The light lasted about one hour, during which time Mauricio Corredor, the commander of the Mexican band of volunteers, was killed, with four Mexicans, and several others were badly wounded.

"Just about the end of the battle an American young man, without any uniform or military insignia whatever,

form or military insignia whatever, came out of the rocks and told the Mex-icans they were fighting the United States troops, and not hostile Indians. The firing was at once stopped, and it was not afteward renewed, as alleged by Lieutenant Maus. Captain Crawford had already been killed before the firing ceased, but as soon as the Mexicans re-alized what had happened they expressed their sincere sorrow for the unfortunate mistake, while the Americans likewise expressed their regret at the death of Corredor. The Indians who were attacked on that day are the same who committed the raids aforementioned on Marican territory. They were dressed on Mexican territory. They were dressed just like the hostile Indians and had in their possession the stolen cattle, which they refused to restore, notwithstanding a formal demand was made for it by the Mexicans. It is not true that Captain Crawford waived a white handkerchief

when the fight commenced.
"The Americans wore no uniforms or insigns of any character whatever, nor did they show any proof of being what they represented themselves to be, except a single scrap of paper written upon with a pencil. The cattle found in possession of the Indiams were recognized by the Mexicans as belonging to some farmers in Chihuahua, from whom they had been stolen. The agreement allowing the regular troops only of either country to cross the boundary in pursuit of hostile Indians did not contemplate that Indians without uniforns or other military insigna should come into Mexico.
where they have committed so many
raids, and then succeeded in returning to
their reservations as innocent men, and
fed and clothed by the United States gov-

that there were many ugly things buried there which a general investigation might inadvertently reveal. But the seed of distrust was sown, and finally after many months of delay Miller was tendered a leave of absence, and a trusted expert was put upon the books. Whether the fact that he was given a leave when he had not asked for one ex-cited Miller's suspicion, or whether he got wind of what was going on in an

were promptly put on his track; all the state. It was thought to be an easy enough job, for Miller was known to every train hand on the road, and every conductor was instructed to look out for him. But Miller had laid a bold plan. He knew he was too well known to hope to get away without a complete disguise. When he left his elegant residence he went straight to a second-hand clothing to Rocklin Junction, where the Oregon road branches off from the main line. There he bought a second-class ticket to Portland and took a night train. But the conductor of that train could not be deceived. H e telegraphed J. A. illmore and there, in the smoking-car, crouched down in the seat, and with his head half enveloped in a rough pea-jacket, sat the rich secretary. 'Hello, Miller!' said Fill-more. Miller looked up, but never moved

John Miller kept the accounts and for ten years or more possessed the closest secrets of the president and directors of both railway and construction company. As time passed on Miller became more and more valuable to his employers. Quiet, unassuming, and industrious, for he worked night and day in their interests, he was indeed a jewel of a trusted official. His salary was in time raised to \$15,000, and when, in 1869, the road was completed to Ogden he was given six months' leave and told to spend given six months' leave and told to spend it in Europe. Being a man of inexpen-sive habits, Miller naturally saved money. He began to invest in lands in the Sacra-mento and San Joaquin valleys, but not by this time had become a vestryman in one of the fashionable churches and an company removed its general offices from Sacramento to San Francisco, and the headquarters of the Contract & Miller built a \$65,000 house on Sutler street, one of the fashionable residence thoroughfares. By the way, the house stands at the corner of Jones street, and is now occupied by young Tim Hopkins. It was the building of this house that brought on the crash and led to the un-"Just before the crush came, C. P. Huntington paid his railway associates a visit. Now Huntington is the shrewdest and keenest of all the railroad magnates. He never knew much of Miller and had not, therefore, the opportunity to be magnetized by that individual. He is a sharp New Yorker, not accustomed to seeing a trusted employe, no matter what his salary. Ilying in the same style his salary, living in the same style as his employers. On an evil day Miller gave a swell banquet in honor of Mr. Huntington, and the latter had an opportunity to observe the costly mansion and its luxuries, the valuable plate, the stable with its crack steeds. He let the thing with its crack steeds. He let the thing pass for a while, not caring to be guilty of a breach of hospitality just then, but when he got back to New York he wrote a long and confidential letter to Governor Stanford, in which he asked if there had ever been any investigation of the affairs of the Contract & Finance company, whether the score Miller exchanged three or four letters a year for two years, and then Miller began to talk of coming home, for in truth he was interested in his children now growing up, and wanted to see them. One day he turned up at the West Virginia home and said he had made a vast deal of money in Australia. He made additions to his farm, built a new house and sent his farmly on a run to. Europe.

other way, is not known, but the very day the expert began his work Miller packed a small valise, kissed his wife good-bye, and saying he was going up the road for a day or two, left the house. Fortunately the expert had not been at work two hours before he found a false

entry of \$10,000. "And now the game was up," said the lawyer, "and it only remained to find the missing man, for none doubted that he had fled. The railway detectives resources of the company were taxed to catch him before he could get out of the store, where there was no possibility of his being known, and fitted himself out as an English sailor, a part he was well fitted to play. Then he shaved off his beard, bought a great broad-brimmed hat-just such a hat as a sailor who wants to appear in 'shore clothes' would be sure to buy. Then he bought a third-class ticket to New York and succeeded in getting to Sacramento in an emigrant car without discovery. There he left the train in the dark and, hiring a team where he thought he could not be known, drove across the country division superintendent at S acamento, that he thought he had his man. Fillmore wired him to say nothing, but run-his train as slow as possible until he (F.) could overtake him in a special engine. The latter followed at lightning speed and overtook the express just above Marysville. Fillmore went through the train, and there in the special care grouphed a musele. 'I thinks yer mistaken,' he growled. 'My name's Jim Pateman.' 'O

growled. My name's Jim Pateman. O no, it isn't. What's the matter? Are you crazy, masquerading this way? Come, the governor wants to see you right off in San Francisco,' said Fillmore. Miller hesitated at first, but seeing that the railroad man was in earnest and had a whole train crew back of him, he gave in. But he would not do more than accompany his captors. Not a word could be got out of him. They took him to Sacramento, got some appropriate clothes on him, and that night a special train ran him to San Francisco, where he was lodged in jail. He lay in a cell nearly a week while the expert was going through his books. Meantime the company found that during the ten years of his service with them he had embezzled nearly \$500,000. That much was admitted but their the investigation mitted, but there the investigation stopped. The company saw at once that they would never dare prosecute him, so all at once all proceedings were stopped. Indeed, no formal complaint was made, and after a few days Miller was quietly released and the whole business was hushed up. He turned over all his real estate to the company, amounting to over \$200,000, but about \$75,000 in money, which he had in one of the banks, they permitted him to retain on condition that he would quit the country. Nobody need be told why these concessions were allowed or why Miller was released with an apology for having interrupted his romantic flight. It was seen that to ever bring the books of the Contract & Fi-

nance company into court would be the ruin of more men than Miller."
"So far, then," was suggested, as the lawyer stopped, "Miller does not seem to be anything but a successful embezzler."
"He was a good deal more than that. His was one of the few cases in this age of steam and telegraph where a man could successfully lead dual lives. There were two men engaged in business, two men with respectable families, two men of wealth and standing in their respec-tive localities, and yet the personality of the two were consolidated in the physi-cal body of John Miller. After the crash came all of this was exposed, for some of his real estate investments in California he foolishly caused to be recorded in his own name. For you have well understood by this time that the name of Miller was an alias. The man's own name was W. S. Woodward, and he was born and reared and married in a county in West Virginia. He was about thirty-five years old when he went to California, and the reason he changed his name was have been no cloud upon him. He left his wife and two children behind him in good hands and set forth to seek his for tune. He corresponded with them regu larly, sent them abundant means, but always refrained from giving any other address than a lock-box in the San Francisco post-office. His wife's letters were received, placed in the box, and during nearly the whole of his residence in Sacramento he would make frequent trips to the bay to get them. Matters went on for several years in this way. Mean-time Miller, or Woodward, made several visits home and was well received. On one of them he bought a handsome farm, upon which he placed his family, and his wife's brother managed the place. He stocked it with choice breeds of cattle and horses, and made it the model estab-lishment of that part of the country. When home he always said he was en-gaged in mining enterprise which took him constantly to the mountains, and that therefore he could not have his fam-ily with him. Finally, however, when this dual existence had gone on for five or six years, the wife became restive and insisted upon coming to California, if only for a visit. She had begun to suspect, as she said afterwards, that her husband was keeping a gambling house, and she wanted to influence him to give up such business. This Miller had to prevent at all hazards. So he wrote that he would sail in a few weeks to Australia, where he had bought a large sheep range in connection with an English capitalist. But first he would pay her a visit, which he did, staying several weeks. When he came back to Sacramento he at once came back to Sacramento he at once hired a young Englishman who was stranded in the country, to go to Australia and be the medium of a two years correspondence between himself and his family, and, strange to say, it was conducted without a break. The agent carried a glowing letter, to be mailed as soon as he reached Sidney, and there he was to await the reply, send there he was to await the reply, send that to Miller at Sacramento, get his reply at Sidney again, and so, in that way Miller exchanged three or four letters a

and sent his family on a rue to Europe.
This he did because his wife began to
talk of going with him to Australia.
Having done this he went back to Sacra-

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riage, he must have been greatly har-assed by fears of detection, but he was a man of iron nerve and never showed it. Two years before the explosion came, Mrs. Woodward wrote peremptorily that she was coming to California, and Miller had to meet the issue. After much cor-respondence in which he said that in a year or two he was going to dispose of all his interests in California and Australia. and return permanently to West Virginia, he consented to a brief visit. Miller had now reached a desperate point in his career and had to exercise all his ingenuity in keeping up the deception. He met his wife and escerted her to San Francisco. Not daring to take her to a hotel he hired a furnished house for a month, put a Chinese or two in it, and there installed her with her maid. He said it was so much pleasanter to live that way. He much pleasanter to live that way. He quieted wife number two by taking numerous trips to the country. Wife number one was not permitted to stay many days, however, in San Francisco. He took her to the Yosemite, and on this, as on all other trips, he explained wherever it seemed necessary, that the lady was his sister. The hotels were the hardest to

avoid. Wherever he could he hired cottages and he took scrupulous care to in-troduce his wife to no one. Being a taciturn man this was easy enough, but to keep his friends from coming up and addressing him as Miller was the hardest task of all. The narrowest escape of all that he had was on one occasion, when he was taking wife number one on a visit to Lake Tahoe, wife number two drove to the ferry boat to take the same train to Sacramento. There seemed no escape, but Miller's quickness and nerve was equal to anything. Fortunately wife number two was very near-sighted, and Miller was lucky enough to get his eye on her first, and so to avoid her by hustling wife No. 1 through the gentleman's cabin and into the engine room to show her the big machinery. When sure that wife No. 2 had left the boat and reached her car, wife No. 1 was thrust into another car, and there for eighty miles the two women rode in adjoining cars, and Miller had the nerve to pass from car to car and chat a while with each, excusing his absence from each by saying that he was talking business with

gentlemen in the smoking car. His only salvation on that occasion was that there were no gentlemen on the car that had a speaking acquaintance with him. And so," said the lawyer, "fifteen years of that man's life were passed." "What became of Miller finally?" was

"What became of Miller linally?" was asked.
"Strange to say, the second wife did not want to give him up, but finally her friends persuaded her to have her marriage annulled. Miller or Woodward joined his family again, was finally forgiven, and I believe they are now living in seclusion in Switzerlan1. Quite a story, isn't it?"

Mithout a Moral.

"I was a clerk in a grocery store a \$9 a week," he said, "but like many other young men I fell in with dissolute companions and was induced to gamble." "And was tempted to take money which did not belong to you?"
"No. I won enough in a week to buy
the grocery."